Wooing poore Craftſmen with the craft of ſmiles,
And patient vnderbearing of his fortune,
As twere to baniſh their affects with him,
Off goes his Bonnet to an Oyſter-wench,
A brace of Draymen bid God ſpeed him well,
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee,
With thanks my Countrey-men, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuerſion his,
And he our ſubiects next degree in hope.

Greene. Well, he is gone, & with him go theſe thoughts.
Now for the Rebels which ſtand out in Ireland,
Expedient mannage muſt be made (my Liege)
Ere further leyſure yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your highneſſe loſſe.

King. We will our ſelfe in perſon to this Warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court
And liberall larges, are growne ſomewhat light;
Wee are inforſt to farme our Royall Realme,
The reuenue whereof ſhall furniſh vs:
For our affaires in hand, if that come ſhort,
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall haue blancke Charters,
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of Gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants,
For we will make for *Ireland* preſently.

Enter Buſhie with newes.

Buſh. Old *Iohn* of *Gaunt* is grieuous ſicke, my Lord,
Sodainely taken, and hath ſent poſt haſt
To intreate your Maieſtie to viſite him.

King. Where lies he?

Buſh. At *Elye* houſe.

King. Now put it (God) into the Phiſitions mind,
To helpe him to his graue immediately:
The lyning of his Coffers ſhall make coates,
To decke our Souldiers for theſe *Iriſh* Warres.
Come Gentlemen, lets all goe viſite him,
Pray God we may make haſt, and come too late:
Amen. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Iohn of Gaunt ſicke, with the Duke of Yorke, &

Gaunt. Will the King come, that I may breath my
In holſome counſell to his vnſtayed youth?

Yorke. Vex not your ſelfe, nor ſtriue not with your
For all in vaine comes counſell to his eare.

Gaunt. Oh, but they ſay, the tongues of dying m
Inforce attention like deepe harmonie:
Where wordes are ſcarce, they are ſieldome ſpent in
For they breath truth that breath their words in pain
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſtened more
Then they whom youth and eaſe hath taught to glo
More are mens ends markt, then their liues before:
The ſetting Sunne, and Muſicke at the gloſe,
As the laſt taſt of ſweetes is ſweeteſt laſt,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long paſt.
Though *Richard* my liues counſell would not heare,
My deaths ſad tale may yet vndeafe his eare.

Yorke. No, it is ſtopt with other flattering ſounds
As prayſes of his ſtate: then there are found
Laſciuious Meeters, to whoſe venom ſound
The open eare of youth doth alwaies liſten.
Report of faſhions in proud *Italie*,
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardy apiſh nation
Limps after in baſe imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt foorth a vanitie,
So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buzd into his eares?
Then all too late comes Counſell to be heard,
Where Will doth mutinie with Wittes regard.
Direct not him whoſe way himſelfe will chooſe,
Tis breath thou lackſt, and that breath thou wilt loo

Gaunt. Mee thinks I am a Prophet new inſpird,
And thus expiring, doe foretell of him;
His raſh fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt:
For violent fires ſoone burne out themſelues,
Small ſhowers laſt long, but ſodaine ſtormes are ſhor
He tires betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes.